## RIGHT CARE OF TEETH

MOST HIGHLY DESIRABLE POINT OF BEAUTY.

Increasing Daily Attention and Conscientious Visits to the Dentist Are. Imperative If Good Looks Are to Be Preserved.

A good, firm white set of teeth is more to be desired than a rare string of pearls. Unfortunately, all cannot possess good teeth, but the few women who have a perfectly good white set of teeth should guard them as they would the finest jewels. On good authority, it may be stated that a bad stomach causes bad teeth, and if the stomach is not kept in good condition. no matter how strong the teeth may be they cannot last.

Germs develop and live almost everywhere. When there is one bad tooth in the mouth, there is certain to be germs. One bad tooth not taken care of in time may lead to many visits to the dentist and possibly the loss of one or more teeth.

Some years back the dentist would be visited once a year, later on twice a year was considered sufficient, but now four times or every three months is deemed none too often to have the dentist look your teeth over. There may be a tiny cavity, so small, in fact, that it is revealed only when the dentist looks through his magnifying glass. But that cavity attended to in time will involve small cost, little pain, and result in the preservation of the tooth. Sometimes the dentist's examination may fail to reveal a small cavity way down near a root and if you yourself do not find it soon it will mean a good-sized filling when you next visit the dentist. Therefore, if longer than three months is allowed to elapse between the visits to the Centist it is easy to estimate the damage that may result to your teeth.

Much has been written and said concerning the care of the teeth, and in many instances the statements are extreme. One of them-that the condition of the teeth depends wholly on the care given them-is arbitrary and untrue. As a matter of cleanliness and a means of aiding the preservation and enhancing the beauty of the teeth. unceasing daily attention should be bestowed upon them, but even under these ministrations teeth will decay, lose their color and become useless, and it is not unusual to see rows of strong, white-sound-looking teeth that have never known brush or dentifrice.

Unsound teeth are due to constitutional defects, unless the teeth have been abused by being made to serve as nut-crackers or having some equally abnormal task forced upon them. Their color, too, if dark, may result from the use of iron, as a medicine, or from an acid condition of the stomach, and all brushing, cleaning and polishing that may be given them will not restore them to their original whiteness.

There are also teeth which are of a former have pearly, transparent edges, decay. The latter are strong and towel for the prize. generally belong to a person of vigorous constitution, but no amount of brushing or scouring will ever bleach them to whiteness that is not natural to them,

It is claimed by some that sweets are injurious to the teeth. Pure cane sugar candy or maple sugar will not corrode the teeth, even if one partake plenteously of these sweets. The teeth need work and exercise, and, if properly used and not abused, whatever is good for the stomach and can be properly digested will not harm the teeth.

The real harm is done when crumbs are left in the teeth, especially over night. Then acid accumulates and slowly eats the enamel, and once this occurs there will soon be a cavity,

Never use a toothpick of any kind. For removing the crumbs between the teeth dental floss is better. It should be drawn between the teeth after eating and always before retiring at night. It is not necesary to use powder every day, but it is necessary to brush the teeth morning and night with tepid water to which a pinch or two of borax has been added. This tweetens the breath and keeps the teeth crean. Two or three times a week brush them with powder, and once a month give them a general cleaning with pulverized pumice, rins-

ing the teeth thoroughly afterward. A cleansing and refreshing tooth powder may be made with the following ingredients:

Equal parts of precipitated chalk, powdered orris root, borax and powdered castile soap. Weigh these ingredients, and, if a half pound or more, five cents worth of oll of wintergreen may be added. Then sift all through several times. When not us-

ing, keep closely covered. If the practice of rinsing the teeth and month after eating were more generally observed, the teeth would last longer and dentists' bills would be fewer. Pour a pint of boiling water over a tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda. When cool is may be used to rinse the teeth, as this destroys the acumulation of acid. Larger proportions may be mixed and kept handy for use. It takes but a moment to rinse the teeth, and this precaution helps in a large measure to preserve

New Scarfs Attractive.

Some of the new scarfs are quite attractive. One model is in all black -silk with longish black tassels. Oth- the name suggested for your glee club ers are black, with a gay lining of a very good one, plaid or striped silk.



A Budget of Queries.

Would like to know in the next issue, if possible, if it is proper to acknowledge an invitation (if one intends going) to a luncheon, when invitation is on ordinary calling card. Also when invitation is formal. Is it proper to call after a reception or luncheon and should one leave cards? Is it proper to acknowledge an invitation to an "at home," and if so, how should it be worded? Also, is it proper at a home wedding to take place at six o'clock for a bride to wear a dress with a train without a long veil? -Jeanne.

Every invitation where the hostess provides a luncheon, dinner or supper should be acknowledged at once, or else how is she to know for how many to prepare? My theory is that every invitation should be accepted or regretted just as soon as possible. In the strict sense of the word and according to the old-fashioned rules of etiquette, calls should be made after accepting hospitality, but in this busy generation and on account of the great distances in cities one overlooks the fact that guests do not pay party calls, for it is almost impossible. A bride may decide for herself exactly the costume she wishes to be married in, and a short gown minus veil and train is proper if it best suits her plans, her purse and her convenience.

Concerning a Shower. Am giving a shower for a-girl friend of mine and would like if you would give me a few suggestions. Do not wish to play cards, but would like to do other things. I thought for one thing I might have each guest hem a towel, and to the one doing it the neatest and quickest give a little prize of some kind. Would that be suitable?

The colors are to be yellow and white. How could I best carry them out? What would be nice for the luncheon?-Anna.

For your decorations all you will need is yellow and white chrysanthemums and carry out the scheme a bit in your menu by having a cream of celery soup with the grated yolk of hard-boiled eggs sprinkled over a spoonful of whipped cream; serve in bouillon cups; fried chicken breasts, sweet potato croquettes, corn fritters, waxen-white or yellow ivory tint. The pineapple salad, cheese crackers and New York ice cream with sunshine indicating a delicate constitution and angel food cake. The towel idea like it are frail and doomed soon to is a good one, and you could give the

Concerning a Wedding.

I am to have a morning wedding with about thirty guests; may I ask several questions, and will you please help me plan for it? Are invitations sent where only the relatives in the same town are invited? Do the bride and groom stand facing the guests? Is the double ring ceremony becoming more popular?-W. J.

Indeed, you may ask just all the questions you wish. I am right here to answer them to the best of my ability. For a simple home wedding you need not send engraved invitations, but just little notes or ask the relatives and guests yourself to witness the ceremony. The double ring ceremony is quite popular, but it and the question of whether you stand facing the guests or with your back to them is just for you to decide and the clergyman who is to officiate usually has some preference to express which he will do at rehearsal.

Questions of Precedence. When does a Kentleman precede a lady while escorting her?-Green.

It is the man's place to proceed ahead of the lady he is with when going through a crowd, in going through a door, in getting off of a street car or railway train, in going upstairs and down an aisle.

Country Girl's Answer.

It is perfectly proper to ask a young man to call again if you really would like him to do so. There probably would be no harm in going motoring alone, but I do not thing it wise. Eighteen-year-old girls can not be too careful of what they do, and how, and when, and with whom. It may seem a bit prudish but I assure you I do not mean it so.

Reply to "Anxious."

I do not think girls your age need make a "curtsey." It is very pretty for the younger girls and is taught in dancing school. I think your hair down your back for a couple of years yet, is best.

Maggie Jane's Answer. It is too late to reply to your first questions but the department had so much about the subject, that I trust you had your wants supplied. I think

MADAME MERRL

## IT WAS PAPA'S IDEA

And It Went Awry as Papa's Ideas Usually Do in Love Affairs.

By DONALD ALLEN.

The papa was Mr. John Forbush, who possessed a character for general probity and a wife and daughter, the latter being named Jennie. She was twenty years old the day her father began to scheme,

Those who had known Mr. Forbush for a single year-and there were many who had know him for a dozen or more-would have laughed at the idea of his scheming. He had money lent out, and the interest on it, together with the dollars he made as a notary and other ways, kept the little family going in nice shape. There was no usury in lending the money, and if the borrower couldn't return it on the date recorded he was granted more time

Mr. Forbush paid his debts If he made any, had a pew in church, and never wrangled with his neighbors about religion or politics. He went around very quietly, smiling at all and there wasn't a baby in the town with less guile than he, judging by his face. In his home life he was a loving father and a fond husband. One might as well look for thunder without clouds as for such a man to scheme, and against his own family at that.

As Miss Jennie Forbush was by far the handsomest girl in the town she had plenty of admirers. She wasn't a girl to be won by money, but as we would get little or nothing from her father it was only natural that she should do a bit of thinking now and then. Scarce one of the young men about her could have shown a hundred dollars laid by. It's nice to be in love, and it's nicer to be married, but the landlords expect their rent, and grocers and butchers must be paid.

Mr. Forbush could not help but know that his daughter was sought for, but he was only mildly interested. Once in awhile he and his wife talked the matter over a bit and went as far as to hope that Miss Jennie would make a good match, but they said very little to her on the subject. They did not know when or how young Gilbert Dale came into the field, and the daughter did not enlighten them.

Gilbert Dale's father was a respected citizen of a town ten miles away. The son wasn't respected so much. He was twenty-three years old, and staid old members of the community in which he lived held up their hands in horror when he came racing by in his auto, or they heard that he had participated in another wine supper. Nothing at all vicious about him, but just going the pace 'till something should happen to bring him up short. An old hen and a young man must turn around a few times before they can settle down.

In due time young Dale got a part of what was coming to him. He was racing his auto along a country road all alone, and acting as his own chauffeur, when the machine suddenly swerved and he was thrown out to roll down the bank and into a river where the chances of a stunned man for being drowned were nine out of ten.

Miss Jennie Forbush was no heroine. She had never even scratched the kerosene can from the hands of her mother as the latter was about to hurry up the fire. If she had ever even read of heroines she had not sighed to be one. Yet, when the critical moment came she went at it as if she had played the part many seasons. She was on her way to visit a girl friend living a couple of miles outside the town, and she was on the spot when the accident occurred. Down the bank she went after the young man, and at some peril to herself dragged him ashore before it was too late.

Miss Forbush had saved Mr. Dale's Why shouldn't she fall in love with him? Mr. Dale was grateful and has just driven up to the gate in his full of admiration. Why shouldn't he say as in the play: "My life belongs to thee?"

At any rate they met again, and again, and it was a cause for wonder how the young man settled down and mended his ways. Even his mother said that the change was something beyond her to figure out.

And now came the scheming. Mr. Jason Brush was a widower of the village. He had been for fifteen years, when he had a dream one night that he ought to get married again. The dream made a great impression, and he went to his minister with it. The good man heard the particulars and

"I can't say that I am a believer in dreams. I have dreamed that the congregation raised my salary and said it cash down as fast as due, but nothing of the kind followed."

"But the voice was so plain," sighed the caller. "Did it tell you to marry the widow

Spicer?" "No sir. Why parson she is older

than I be!" Was any name mentioned?" "I can't remember."

"Just told you that you ought to get a second wife?" "That's all. Do you think it was

my dead wife talking to me from heaven?" "Hardly!" was the dry reply. "Better wait and see if you don't dream

the same dream again and get a name or two to guide you." Mr. Brush went away with that understanding, and fate was very kind to him. He was back next forenoon

"Well, I had the same dream over again last night, and the voice named the party I was to marry."

"That's remarkable," replied the di-

"So 'tis. I'm sure it was my wife's voice.'

"It must have startled you?" "Oh, I dunno. I was rather looking for it. It told me to marry John Forbush's daughter Jennie."

"Ah, I see. A young lady of about twenty?" "I can be a father to her at the same

time." The parson had nothing to say for or against it, and Mr. Brush went away to make his beginning with Mr. Forbush. He had scarcely spoken ten words when a great scheme flashed through the brain of the man who had never schemed before. Mr. Forbush was wealthy. He could back a fatherin-law in business. He had political influence, and could help a father-inlaw to a seat in the legislature. He was getting old and liable to drop off any time, and the wife would get all he left. Great thing! Big thing!

"While I am something over forty, am no antediluvian," observed Mr.

Brush: "Far from it."

"I am still fond of pinics and dane-"Of course."

"And ready to run down to Boston for a week any time." "Jennie would be delighted."

"She could have a colt-skin coat when winter comes." "I musn't forget to tell her that."

"I shan't be jenious of her. She can go to prayer-meeting alone any time she wants to."

"I shall tell her everything and re port to you."

Miss Jennie received her father's news with laughter, and refused to be serious about it. When Mr. Brush called in person he received the same treatment. He was not insulted nor made indignant, but his vows and protestations were received as humorous remarks.

There were calls on the parson, but he would not mix in. There were confabs with Mr. Forbush, but he could give the victim no sure hope. There were frequent calls and pleadings, but they gained nothing. Things stood in this way when Mr. Forbush one day took Mr. Brush off to a grove half a mile from any house, and sat him down and looked all around for eavesdroppers, and then whispered: The time has come.

"What! Has she consented?" "We must try heroic measures. She must be won in another way."

"But how?" "I've got a scheme that's sure to work."

"Good!" Then Mr. Forbush put his lips close o Mr. Brush's ear and whispered soft whispers for a long minute, and the old man scrambled up to explain: "Sure's you live! When can it

come off?" "Jennie goes out there tomorrow

afternoon." "Then we'll put the thing through. Forbush, you are a schemer and an old fox in the bushes! I'll have you

in the legislature within two years.' At about two o'clock next afternoon Miss Jennie Forbush might have been seen, walking along the same highway, and bound to the same house as before. At a certain rather lonely spot an auto containing her father, Mr. Brush and a driver came out of a blind road. The father and aged lover seized her and placed her in the

vehicle. No screaming! No struggling! They started off at a gait of 30 miles an hour. No questions asked or answered. After dusting along for ten miles they stopped at the house of a country preacher, and Mr. Brush took the girl's arm and led her in, followed by the smiling father,

"It's a wedding," said Mr. Brush to the preacher. "But isn't it very soon after the fun-

eral?" asked the good man. Who's funeral?" "Why I married her several weeks ago to a Gilbert Dale, and I think he

auto!" Papa doesn't scheme any more, but Mr. Brush is still swearing with great

vigor for an old man who lives to attend picinics.

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Old Landmark to Go. Built in 1752, and handed down from father to son through four generations, and now doomed for destruction. is the Old Absinthe house, one of the most unique landmarks of the south, known to tourists from all quarters of the world who have visited New Orleans. The edict of the United States government in shutting off the importation of absinthe sounds the knell of this quaint remnant of Bohemian life in the Crescent City. It is situated in the darkest, dirtiest, noisiest section of the Latin quarter, and despite its age remains in a good state of preservation. Its beginning is said to mark the opening of the first saloon in New Orleans. In past years it has housed many notables from the old world, and almost every celebrated man and woman who has visited New Orleans has made at least a brief stop at this secluded cafe to enjoy the sight of its interesting habitues and to listen to the medley of foreign tongues, wagging cheerily under the influence of absinthe frappe and other kindred drinks created from the seductive fluid In Mardi Gras festivals the bizarre cafe becomes the rendezvous for the younger set intent on a frolic.

Both at Once. "A candle is the combination of ex-

tremes.

"How so?" "It is at once a light matter and a cereous affair.



HOW TO FUMIGATE HEN HOUSE

Building Should Be Closed Tightly and All Fowls Excluded-Be Careful of Poison Used.

Fumigation is a means of reaching germs and insect life in the air of he room and in the cracks and cranales of the wood work, says the Cultirator. The house or room should be ightly closed and all fowls excluded luring fumigation. A simple method s to burn the sulphur candles now sold at stores dealing in poultry supplies. The fumes of brimstone may also be produced by burning in a metallic basin (such as an old Iron kettle) a number of rags previously soaked in melted sulphur. Sulphur may be mixed with a little alcohol or kerosene oil and burned, or it may be sprinkled upon live coals placed in a chafing dish. The house or room should be kept closed for several hours and then opened as thoroughly as possible to allow the wind to drive out any remaining trace of poisonous gas. In fumigating by burning substances be careful not to set fire to the building. Remember also that in most cases the substances which are used are poisonous to human life and to fowls. Carelessness in their use or in leaving them about where chick or child can get at them may have dire results.

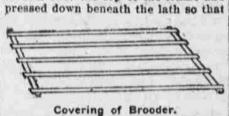
## USING A FIRELESS BROODER

Box Protected by Wool Carpet and Heated by Small Jug of Warm Water is Excellent.

A there are many poultrymen who prefer to raise chicks in a fireless brooder, we give here a plan suggested by W. D. Neale, which has been used successfully for two years, says the Iowa Homestead. He secured a box three feet long, sixteen inches wide and eight inches deep from his grocer for fifteen cents. An opening was made in one side of the box four inches in width and height to admit the chicks. To fit in this box, make a frame of laths two inches less in width and length than the box. The laths were placed



about three inches apart and nailed securely to cross pieces at either end. This frame fitted inside the box and rested on nails, two at each end, driven through the box at the desired height. These nails were withdrawn and driven higher in the ends of the box as the chicks grew so that they would have more room beneath the frame. A piece of wool carpet was thrown over the top of the frame and



the folds would just touch the downy backs of the chicks. On cold nights an extra piece of carpet was thrown over the box or a small jug of warm water placed inside. The bottom of the box was kept covered with straw



Never harbor mongrel stock Don't forget to whitewash the in terior of your houses.

Expect disease and low vitality when fowls are inbred year in and year out. Send to market all the stock that

you can spare, for the prices of feed are still high. Plump chickens are wanted in market; remember that lousy chick

ens will not fatten. From October 15th to about Nov ember 20th the best prices for poultry are generally obtained.

New blood may be added to the flock, by buying some choice pullets of a reliable poultry keeper.

Lining nest boxes with newspapers

makes it easy to lift out litter, paper and all. Then set a match to it. Authorities claim that the eggs from a hen will be fertile for ten days after the removal of the male

from the flock. Do not let your young birds roosi with the old hens, as they are liable to catch diseases which old hens are more subject to.

All hens which have completed their second laying season should be dis posed of at once, to make room for the young stock.

Save the small potatoes and imper fect heads of cabbage and other waste vegetables. They will all be relished by the hens in the winter.

Don't delay any longer making re pairs to the houses or fences, winter may be here before you are ready At the same time, clean up the runs and walks.



Campaigns ain't what they use' to be; they's no enthusiazzom;

We use' to fight an' disagree acrost bloody chazzum;

We use' to orgunnize the boys an' raise a flag pole, too. An' whoop 'er up fer lots o' noise—that's what we use' to do. I'll betchuh any side could win, an' give

you cards an' spades now they would begin with some old-time parades. Well, my-Oh-me! Them oil cloth suits,

an' oil cloth caps we wore, belts, an' military boots—an' torches that we bore! The oil dripped down upon our clo'es, the smoke got in our eyes-

The other party was our foes, an' what they said was lies. You bet they kept in off the street where we was on parade, by our patriotic feet a lot o' votes

shet my eyes an' see us now, we'd march to the but-tel;

The speaker would come we'd let out a yell. "The hone an" sinyew of our land!" he'd tell us that we was, An' then lift up his stately hand to quiet

our applause. We'd march on to the platform where he was to speak that night-

Our torches with their smoky flare was pleasin' to the sight. But now there ain't no lines at all, there ain't no bloody chazzum; There's been a heap o' talk this fall, but

no enthusiazzum, They'd ought to get the torches out an' march around o' nights, An 'fore we knowed what we's about

have half a dozen fights Gimme the old time oil cloth suits, with hosses for the aids.

An' let us march in shiny boots in there old-time parades!

The Lay Out. "Aw." broke in the new reporter, who was rapidly being educated out of the idea that he was a journalist, "some of these people give me pain. That assistant city editor told me to go up to the undertakers' convention, and said that if I got there about noon I'd strike a good lay out. So I didn't get any lunch, but hustled up to the hall, and say, the lay out

was all right." "What did they have?" asked the society reporter, visions of glaces and pates floating before her eyes.

"Why, they had a big head undertaker on the stage illustrating how to lay out a corpse, that's the kind of a lay out they had."

Convenient Excuse.

"But," we say to the man who has been beaten up in a street fight, "surely you are not going home without having your injuries attended to. What will your wife say?"

"She won't say anything," he declares. "You see, I belong to ten lodges, and she will just think I've been taking another degree in some of them."

Misjudged Him.

"And," muttered the suburbanite "the agent who rented me that property told me the house was only ten minutes from the station." Here he resumes his sprint for the

train, gasping: "I wonder if he thought I was a flash of lightning."

Mundane Comparison. "The Milky Way," announces the in-

dividual who is studying astronomy by mail, "contains fifteen hundred billions of stars." "Gee!" interrupts the person who is

familiar with things theatrical. "It must be something on the same order as Broadway."

mebur Dresbit

A Smart Farmer. "Farming's all right, if you know how to farm."

"No doubt." "Now I raise a big crop of apples, which I sell to a local department

store." "Indeed?"

"The department store has special sales all winter, and me and my men get good salaries acting as a harvest quartet."